Breezy Suzanne—By Ellis Parker Butler.

Suzanne on Scarlet Socks

(Copyright, 1914.)

SAY, honest! Did you ever know a red-headed man that didn't get married? Did you ever know a red-headed man that didn't cop off a perfect peach for a wife if he wanted to? Now, stop joshing, I'm asking a perfectly serious little old question, and all because Algy has blossomed out with a pair of the sassiest scarlet socks that ever stung the human eye.

I told you about Algy's sweet intended, with her free hock-action and regular-queen points all over her, didn't I? Some duchess she is, too, believe little rosy-locks! She wouldn't list under a higher number than nine hundred and ninety-nine if you counted Mrs. Arstorbilt Number One in the 400, and that's drawing a pretty low number, for the 400 has about ten thousand in it nowadays. Yes, Gwendolyn is some swell dame and no mistake.

You're wise to the fact that Algy is a partner in Perkins & Partner, and I let you in on the information that when Perky & Partner hit the hard rocks Algy had to postpone his little marrying spree. What I didn't tell you was how he broke the news to Gwendolyn. Believe me! Algy didn't do any of the henpeck crawl business with Gwendolyn. That's what jarred me. I worried for six weeks trying to study out why a queen like Gwen should knuckle down to the mere sayso of a guy like Algy when Gwen is all there, brains and beauty, and the best I can say for Algy is that he's a body of hot air surrounded by the noisiest clothes that ever shrieked on Broadway. Honest, sometimes when Algy's clothes are in the office I have to shut my eyes in order to hear a fire engine go by.

Well, I've got the cue! I'm on to the game, I am. I'm wise now. Algy's clothes have got Gwen hypnotized. I'm on to the whole secret of this woman's rights business and femininism and votes-for and all the rest of it. And Algy's socks put me wise.

Perky has never said a word, no matter what Algy dug up in the way of real sporty duds, until the other day. I could see it irked Perky some, running a perfectly respectable Society for the Prevention of Pinning Feathers on Snails (and, on the side, grabbing subscriptions from nice old dames), to see the way Algy dressed. Turndown collar and black string tie is about the right thing for an Algy that's sort of advance agent for the mission to snails, but Algy isn't clothed that way. When he heard the text about how the lilies are arrayed he had tiger lilies in mind, I guess. It was rough stuff to have a nice old black-clad dame come in to weep over snails and have her meet Algy, looking like something used to show off the styles that were too loud for mere human beings.

Perky never said a word. You know that thing about "Can a leopard change his spots?" and the answer was that if the leopard's name was Algy he couldn't. Perky stood for the lavender socks and the green socks and the pale blue socks, and the rest of Algy's glad rig, but when Algy came down to the snail protectory with scarlet socks and white duck tootsie covers and his pants turned up to give the socks room to siren abroad their joyous strains, it was too much for Perky. He came over to me.

"Are you wise to the socks, Suzanne?" he says.

"Wisdom and knowledge are different things, Perky," I says. "Maybe I'm not wise to them, but I've hearsay knowledge. Do you think I'm deaf?"

"They won't do," says Perky.

"Speak louder," I says, "they drown your voice. Why won't they do?"

"Too loud!" he says. "This is the office of a benevolent institution, not the anteroom of a tango hall. Those socks give you the idea that if Algy peeled off his clothes he would stand revealed as the crimson-tighted, gold-spangled gent that turns three somersaults in the air over seven elephants. Socks in this office should look as if, when the wearer peeled, nothing would be seen but a sad and sorrowing soul, a soul bleeding for the woes of the poor little pestered snails. Those are fierce socks for a pussy-foot institution."

"They are some socks," says I.

"What!" says Perky. "You speak as if you liked them."

"I love the shade," I says. "They make my hair look cooler than it is. I'd wear scarlet if I dared. Honest, Perky, I'm ashamed of myself for it, but I'm puffectly dippy about those socks. Such a gee-lorious hue!"

"Would you—would you expect me to wear such socks?" asks Perky, absolutely feazed by what I had said.

"No, Perky," I says. "I'd as soon expect to see you in a split skirt and gold pumps. You ain't a dressy guy, like Algy. Now, I like Algy in scarlet socks."

"For the love of Pete!" says Perky. "Does anybody like men in such glittering doo-jabs?"

"Sure!" I says. "We like men that have the nerve to wear that kind to go ahead and wear them. Why not? You couldn't even see a man like Algy in common clothes. He'd disappear from view."

"And would you like me in scarlet socks?" asks Perky, perfectly scornful.

I looked him over, up and down.

"No," I says, thoughtful. "Scarlet ain't your color. But if you was togged in cadet gray, with white duck pants and gold lace by the half peck scattered over you, I could love you to death."

"My gawd!" exclaimed Perky.

But it was so. I'm gone on Perky enough as it is, and if life lasts and I can get a strangle hold I'm going to marry the poor brute some day, but if I ever saw Perky in a swell uniform such as I told him about I'd rush right into the middle of a mob to throw myself around his neck. And if he was wearing a gold-hilted sword! Sit down, my poor, flutterin' heart! Good-by, Suzanne! I could see myself drop in the mud to save the shine on his shoes.

That's what got me going. Do you know what's the cause of all this woman's rights business? Tail feathers!

Listen to Suze. Did you ever stop to think of a henpecked gent with scarlet socks? Well, you can't think of him because he ain't. As the feller says, "There ain't no sick animule!" Pass me the word, will you, if you ever hear of a drum-major that's henpecked on parade day? And, say, what sort of a lady do you get in mind when you try to think of the hen that pecks her husband? Me, I always think of passamenterie, of one of these big dames with a chest like a shelf and jet dingle-dangles hanging from it until she sounds like a hay ride in sleighing time. And the little old gent she walks all over snoops around in gray or black, don't he? You bet!

Get me, Steve? Consider the peacock. He's the bird with the gay, self-erectable palanquin, ain't he? When he spreads that tail of his the rainbow goes back behind the counter and sits down in shame. Give a think to all the birds and animals—little old Mister. He is the individual that slings the style every time. He's the dressy geezer of the family, and Missus She gets along with the simple duds. Got me yet, Steve? No?

Listen, then! Cock your eye back to the time when we ladies began to howl to be bosses and think clothes. Just about then was when the gents began to stop the long-curl wig business and chuck real clothes and take to body covering for decency's sake, wasn't it? Mary Walker came in with the black dress suit for men. Every time a man peeled off a silk embroidered doo-jab from his waistcoat some lady thought of a new right she hadn't known she had. The classy dresser, bird or animal or human, is always the boss of the diggings, and he just went to work and voluntarily chucked his signs of superiority and when he did he made the high sign that invited the only swell dressers the world had left to step forward and tramp on his neck.

A red head is about the only thing any male has left in the way of showy ornamentation these days, and the red-headed gent generally bosses his own coop. Listen! Men took to stump gray and mud brown clothes because they wanted to look like busy little workers, and the minute they were less noisily dressed than the ladies the dames forgot that the men were any better than the women. Believe me, Horace! The men just simply went to work and abdicated the cock-of-the-walk job and cut off their showy tail feathers, and it's nothing but nature for the showiest-dressed sex to think it is the boss. You didn't see the dames chucking their finery when the men did! Nix for it! And they've dressed themselves into thinking they ought to rule the roost.

Aw, gee! Maybe you think I'm dippy, but it takes some strength of mind to wear glad rags, don't it? The gents may have joked at M. Twain when he togged up in his white dress suit, but he had the nerve, anyway, and they didn't. Ain't it so that the dames are more respectful to the soldier bosses when they're togged in gold braid than when they're in store clothes? A swell uniform is about the only thing a dame respects nowadays.

Say, I do admire Algy's scarlet socks. Maybe he has taste like a Fiji islander, but he's got nerve. Ju know what? Men ought to get the sitting-on they are getting now. They're cowards. Ju know how scared a man feels when he puts on a new hat and a new gray suit that is about as lively as a stump in a swamp and a new pair of tan shoes, and goes on to the street? Some scared, believe me! And as for bravery and courage, look at the dames! Just cop what a bunch of courage a dame must have to rig up in a hat that may be swell or may look like a parboiled buzzard when it gets alongside the hats of other dames. Look what strength of character she must have to fetch home a purple green silk trimmed with castor-oil yellow and cut in a shape nothing in the way of clothes has been cut since one of Noah's twins fell off the ark. She don't know whether, when she goes on the street, she'll look like the Queen of Sheba or a crazy dame just escaped from the insane asylum rigged up in the stuff too fierce to make carpet rags of. Some courage, bo! And what must she think of the courage of a man who dassn't get a blue serge suit because he's been wearing dark brown for the last forty-seven years? Believe me, she's got a right to think he's some craven!

Say, when a man went to his tailor and came away with a plum-colored coat lined with sunflower yellow satin, and a waistcoat that came down to his knees and was embroidered with crimson chrysanthemums on a sky-blue moire silk, and his knee breeches were pink satin with gold knee buckles, and his stockings were grass green with cerise clocks, and his shoes were blue leather with red heels, and his hat was a dainty little thing a yard wide with a feather as big as the smoke from a factory chimney—say! a man had some courage in those days! And the little old and young female sex thought he was some pumpkins.

When the little old and young female sex takes a look around today and sees a man she thinks he's a worm, and she gives him a peck with the horny end of her beak.

Me for Algies with scarlet socks! I'm wise to what femininism is—it's a scheme to henpeck the quiet dressers en masse.

"I'd rush right into the middle of a mob to throw myself around his neck."

LIVED SIXTEEN YEARS ON THE OCEAN BLUE

Maj. Gen. George Barnett, Head of the United States Marine Corps, Always at the Front When Trouble with Foreign Nation Is Brewing.

Declares His Force Must Know How to Do Big Things and Be Able to Fight as Well as Being Engineers and Telegraphers in Peace or War.

By JAMES B. MORROW.

Again the marines have sanctified Vera Cruz to all Americans.

George Barnett, a schoolboy in a Wisconsin village, going home for his supper, was stopped in the street by the Congressman from his district, who was also his father's friend and neighbor.

"How would you like an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis?" the Congressman asked.

Fighting as a business, had never entered George Barnett's head. Nor had he ever thought about ships, except abstractedly. The largest body of water he had seen as yet was a pond and the largest craft was a skiff. Indeed, George Barnett did not know how to swim.

But he had heard of Annapolis and so he answered joyfully, though diffidently, that the appointment would suit him exactly. George Barnett never returned to the village school. In June, that year, 1877, he passed his examinations and was admitted to the academy on the Severn River in Maryland.

The other day Col. George Barnett, just back from Porto Rico, where he took a brilliant part with the Atlantic Fleet in advance base maneuvers, was informed that the President had made him major general commandant of the United States Marine Corps. He is now the highest officer, therefore, in that branch of the naval service. His force numbers more than 10,000 men, many of whom are now in Mexico.

Graduating at Annapolis in 1881, Gen. Barnett spent two years at sea as a cadet. The navy then was small and more young men were being educated than were needed on the ships. Most of Gen. Barnett's classmates were given a year's pay and sent out into civil life. He could have gone into the line, the Engineering Division or the Marine Corps—the choice was his and he became a marine.

The decision he made as a young man was Solomonic. Had he entered the line he would now be the captain of a ship. The captain of a ship is the same in rank as the colonel of a regiment in the army. There is no officer, afloat or on shore, higher than a major general.

A Famous Officer of Marines.

Adding in his service at sea as a cadet just out of Annapolis, Gen. Barnett has been in the navy thirty-three years, sixteen of which he lived on ships in home and foreign waters. He does not look like a veteran, however. He must be fifty and more; a stranger would guess him to be forty or less. He is slender, brown-eyed and elegant; intellectual rather than physical. But he is a man of much energy and nervous force and talks with the rapidity of a magazine rifle.

Also Gen. Barnett is said to be one of the greatest marine officers in the world, theoretically and practically. His promotion is a recognition of his reputation at home and abroad. If a long war comes, he and his 10,000 men will give the nations of the earth some new lessons in defense, attack and scientific campaigning.

Advance base operations, a new adventure in naval warfare, means the seizure of a harbor ahead of the oncoming and supporting warships and its defense meanwhile against the enemy. The harbor so taken may be used as a coaling station or a temporary machine shop for the repair of vessels. Occupied or captured, it must then be mined and fortified. The marines will do the work. They will go forth with all their gear as berthmakers for the navy.

In showing the admiral of the Atlantic Fleet, recently, down on the Island of Culebra, how such operations can be carried out successfully, Col. Barnett unconsciously made his promotion both certain and logical. The marines, whom he had trained and whom he now directed in person, blasted rock and built a railroad to the top of the bluffs, 275 feet above the harbor and, there on the heights, emplaced their defensive artillery. It was a great achievement and was one of the brilliant maneuvers which caused George Barnett to become a major general.

Marines, officers, of course as well as men, must always be ready to take ship at an hour's notice. They are called the soldiers of the sea. Infantrymen would better describe them, though they are also skilled in the use of cannons and torpedoes. Indeed, they must know how to fight on land and water, to charge with leveled rifles and to work the smaller guns on the decks of battleships. In war and peace they are here today and somewhere else tomorrow.

Man of Many Experience.

It follows, therefore, that Gen. Barnett has encompassed the earth since his schoolboy days in Wisconsin. His first service was in Alaska, a second lieutenant of marines, where he was a guardian and a magistrate among the Indians. After that he sailed on many ships and in many waters—to China, the Philippines, Cuba, and Panama. He was in Lisbon when the war with Spain came on and sailed from an English port as watch officer in a warship hastily bought by this country from a foreign nation.

MAJ. GEN. GEORGE BARNETT
Of the United States Marines.

Since the attack of the Boxers on the foreigners and native Christians of Pekin in 1899 ten governments have maintained marine guards, armed with magazine rifles and rapid-fire guns, at the Chinese capital. The officers meet once a week or oftener to talk over plans of defense in the event of another heathen outbrust. Gen. Barnett was stationed at Pekin for nearly three years on such service. He has gone to Cuba several times when intervention seemed probable, and in 1902 kept the railroad open across the Isthmus of Panama. One of his most interesting experiences, though not warlike, was in the Samoan Islands.

"Our ship," he told me, "steamed into the harbor of Apia late one afternoon. The German consul, looking for us earlier, had arranged a welcoming dinner. We hurried ashore and to his house and almost immediately were seated at the table. There had been no time for introductions or conversation.

"The man next to me was a singular-looking person. I noted as I sat down that his face was uncommonly long and that his hair reached almost to his shoulders. By and by, still not knowing each other, we began to talk. 'Whoever this man may be,' I said to myself, 'he is a wonderful conversationalist.'

"As a matter of fact, as you have already guessed, perhaps, I was sitting at the side of Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, poet and essayist. He had gone to the South Pacific, as you remember, to regain his health and was living in the hills back of Apia.

Marines Must Also Scale Walls.

"While learning to be a master hand at shooting rifles, rapid-fire guns, and field artillery, the marine is being taught at the same time to scale walls, to use pulleys, portable searchlights, the heliograph, and the wireless telegraph; to place telephone lines, to ascertain ranges, to plant land and water mines, to handle torpedoes, to erect and destroy bridges, to build roads, to construct hasty intrenchments, to sling and transport ordnance, to mount guns of three, five, and six-inch caliber and a good many other things that are necessary for a fighting man to know in this generation.

"Only battleships and first-class cruisers carry marines at sea—eighty men to the vessel and two officers, who, ordinarily, are a captain and a lieutenant. The marines are no less active as members of the crew than are the bluejackets, or sailors. They serve everywhere except in the engine room and the turrets containing the large guns. In battle they would man the secondary batteries—the small guns which sweep the decks of the enemy and bore holes in unprotected places.

"Anciently, marines and bluejackets often fought at close quarters, using muskets, cutlasses and sabers. Opposing ships then might even be locked together while the men battled hand-to-hand on decks running with blood.

"With the development of ordnance, close fighting went out of fashion. Now ships stand off a considerable distance from one another, the big turret guns firing armor-piercing projectiles and the smaller guns, operated by marines, keeping the enemy under cover.

"Yes, I know there is a fiction spread by newspaper stories and otherwise to the effect that a feeling of comradeship does not exist between bluejackets and marines," Gen. Barnett went on to say. "I have been a marine officer since 1883, and, as I have said, have spent sixteen years at sea. I have never seen or heard, within the navy, of any class trouble among the men who sail our ships. Marines and bluejackets fraternize on shore and afloat, playing baseball and football together and taking part in other athletic contests. Naval officers and marine officers associate together on equal terms.

How to Become an Officer.

"Not all of the marine officers are Annapolis men, but that makes no difference. I am a graduate of the Naval Academy, but I am free to say that the best two lieutenants ever serving under me came into the corps from the outside. Since the war with Spain, thirty-three young marines have been commissioned from the ranks as second lieutenants. One of them is now a major. All of them, let me add, were exceptional men in ability and in service.

"A private can become an officer, but there is no easy road to such a distinction. Candidates for second lieutenancies, coming from civil life, must pass a stiff examination, especially in mathematics, and on being accepted, are required to spend a year at the marine school in Annapolis. Once in the service, they are treated on their own merits, just as they would be were they lawyers, doctors, or anything else. A brave, generous, capable, and personally likable young fellow will make friends in any situation of life.

"Most of our recruits for the ranks come from the country. It was not so always. Formerly, the Marine Corps was composed of men from large cities. Their habits were none too good. The character of our corps, since I first entered the service has been improved 1,000 per cent. Shore leave was once a privilege bestowed with considerable reluctance because most of the men leaving ship would get drunk and it would take them three or four days to recover from the debauch. It is not so any more. Getting drunk is a punishable offense.

"There is little drinking in the navy," Gen. Barnett continued," though stories to the contrary are sometimes told and published. The admitted efficiency of the navy, however, answers all such tales. No navy in the world is more efficient than is the navy of the United States. Officers go to sea in a $12,000,000 ship and with a crew of more than 1,000 men. The ship is successfully and economically operated. Discipline is maintained. The health of those on board is kept at a high standard. If the officers were drinking men the ship would show it.

Little Drinking Among Officers.

"I have been eating in the ward rooms of warships a good part of my life. During nine-tenths of the sixteen years I spent at sea no liquor was seen on the officers' table. If there is a dinner at a foreign port wine may be served, just as wine is served at certain dinners in Washington. But commonly, when naval officers dine alone they drink water, as do the rest of their fellow countrymen. Drunkards cannot run railroads nor manufacturing establishments. Neither can they run a ship filled with complicated and delicate machinery, with powder and other explosives and with human beings.

"With the improvement in the morale of the Marine Corps has come, naturally, an improvement in pay and living conditions," Gen. Barnett went on to say. "Increase any man's material reward and you increase his interest in the work he is doing and in himself. The pay of the marine corps ranges from $15 to $69 a month for men below the rank of second lieutenant. Clothing, food, lodgings, and medicines are supplied by the government. A private begins at $15 a month. If he re-enlists at the end of four years he receives $18 a month. During his third enlistment he gets $21.

"The money a marine saves can be deposited with the paymaster of the corps and 4 per cent interest will be allowed him by the government. One of our men, after thirty years of service, had deposits amounting to $10,500. He was then retired at three-fourths of his pay, plus $189 a year because he had ceased to be fed and clothed at the expense of the public. He was a very economical person, however."

"Hereafter," Gen. Barnett said, as the interviewer stood up, "you will more fully understand, I hope, what is meant when you read a cablegram from some far away land that marines were landed from the battleship So-and-So and are guarding the consulate and protecting American interests."